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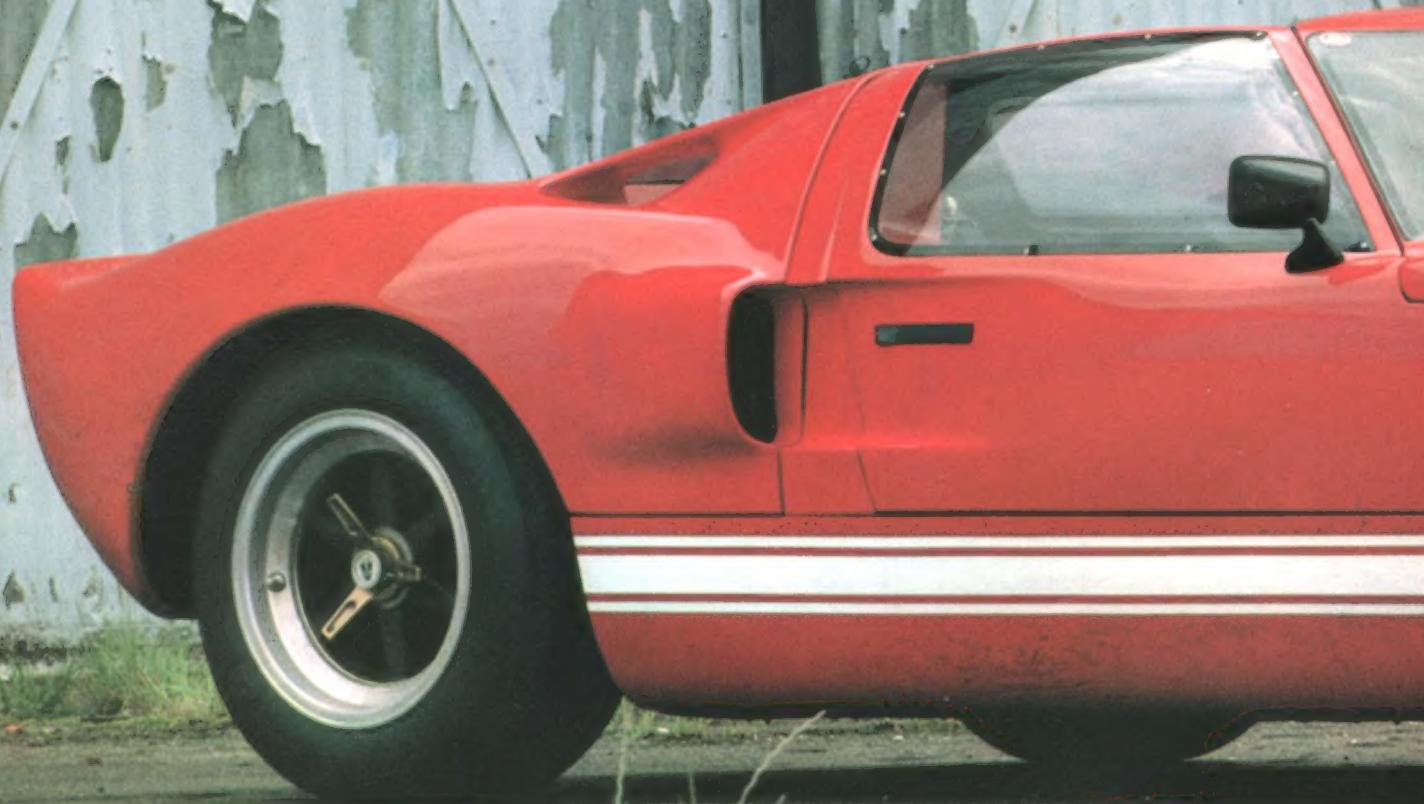
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RARING 40s



A

By Michael Cotton.
Photographs by Roger Watt

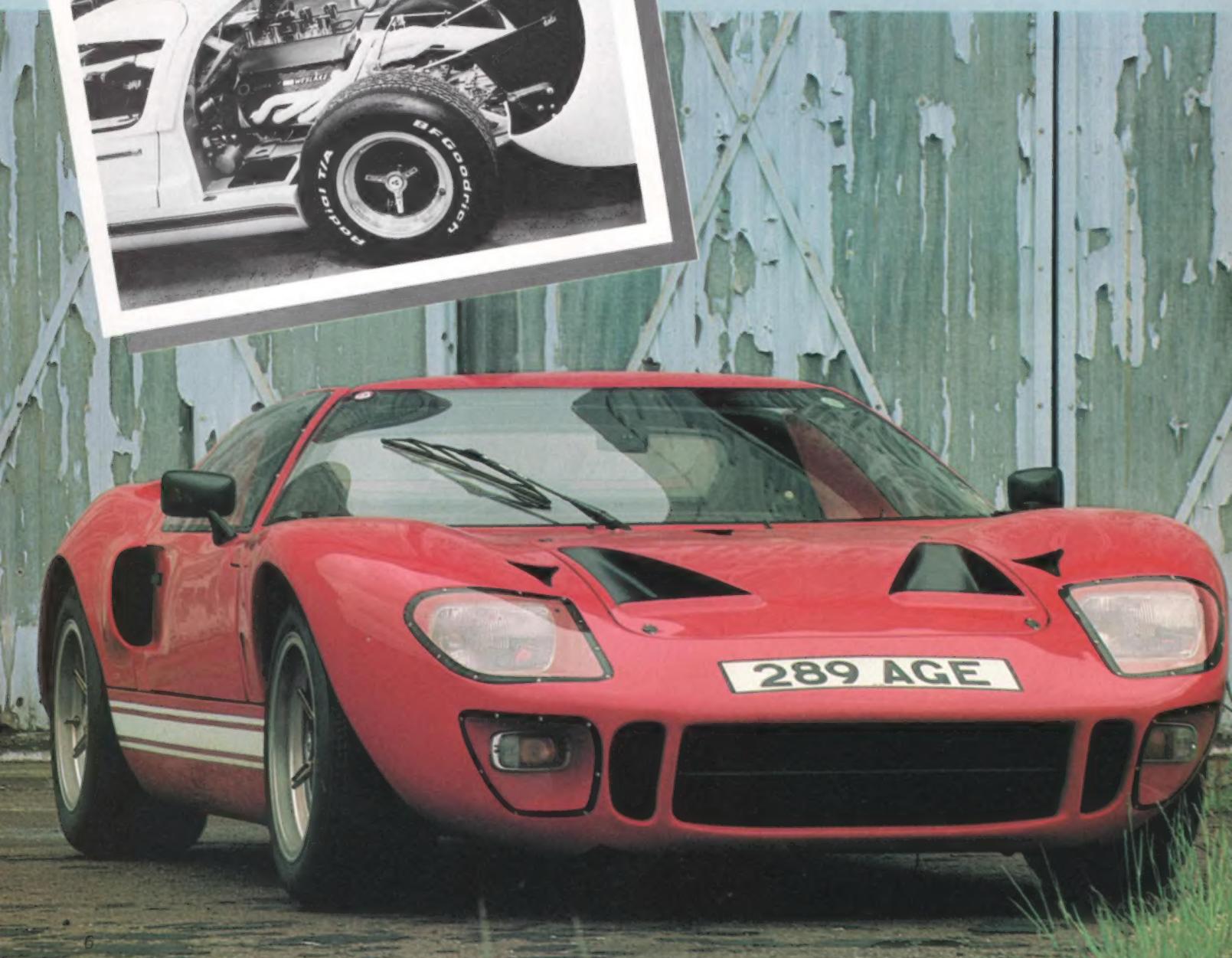
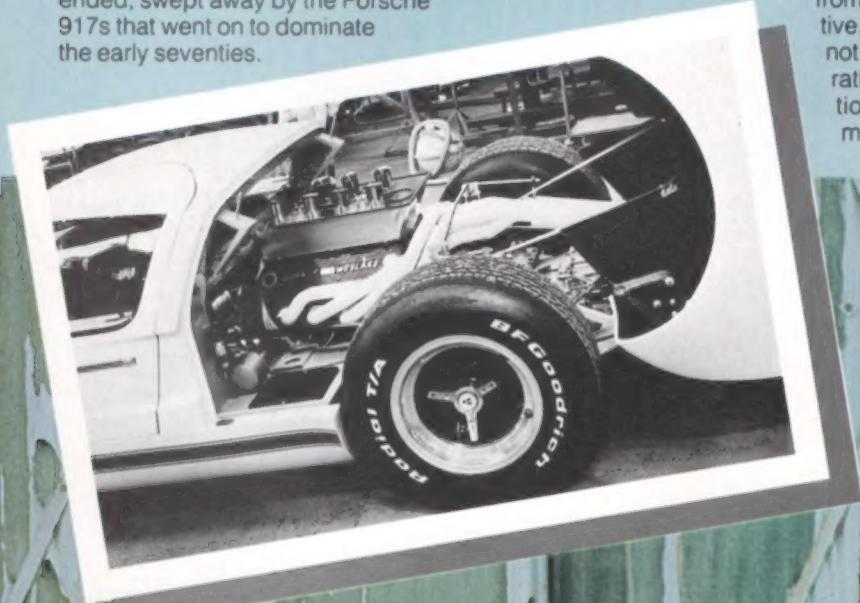
Almost 20 years ago now, Henry Ford made a bid for Enzo Ferrari's company in Modena. Fortunately the wily Enzo did not want to go through with the deal (it's said that he was playing Ford off against Giovanni Agnelli, head of the Fiat group which eventually bought Ferrari). If Ford had succeeded, we would not have seen the Ford GT40 or the seven-litre Mark II and Mark IV versions in action against the Ferraris in the sixties, achieving some remarkable victories.

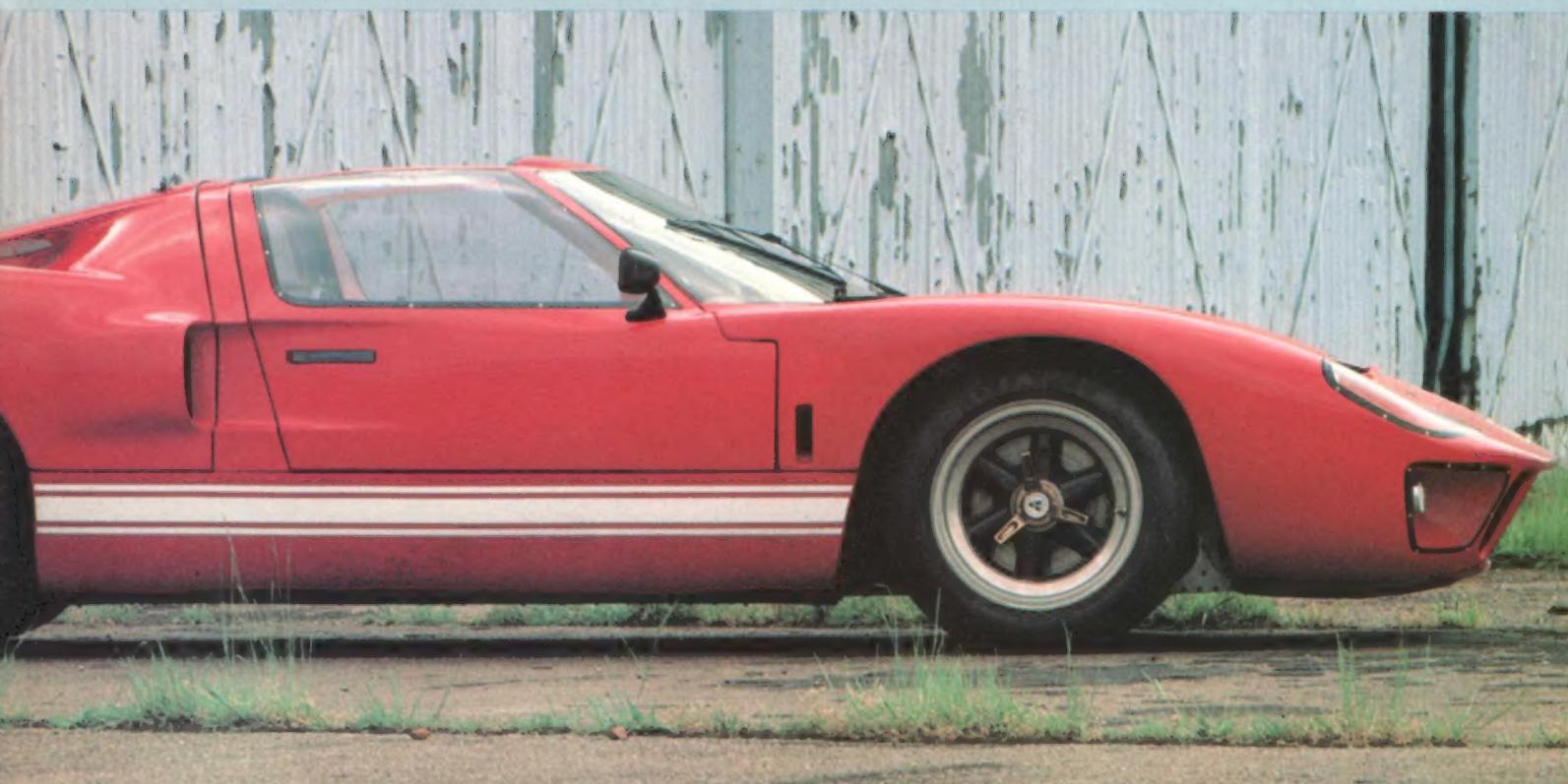
The GT40's most outstanding success at Le Mans was in June 1969 when Jacky Ickx and Jack Oliver beat the Porsche 908 of Hans Herrmann and Gerard Larrousse by a mere 75 metres (all the more unusual because it was the same car that had won the French classic the previous year). So, 14 years ago, the reign of the Ford GT40 ended, swept away by the Porsche 917s that went on to dominate the early seventies.

Powered by what is basically a stock-block American Ford V8 engine, the GT40 was not born with a pedigree. It made its own greatness by sheer hard work on the part of the designers, development and ultimate success. It was a strong, reliable workhorse, useful in the hands of the private and amateur teams, that – like so many classics – is appreciating in value all the time. But there is a way of buying a brand-new GT40, not a replica, and actually better than original...

At Brooklands, the famous pre-war banked race track in Surrey, Peter Thorp's Safir Engineering company will make a GT40 to order, now having made five special versions. Forty inches high (that's where the 40 in the title came from), wide and menacing, and powered by Ford's Boss five litre iron block V8, the MkV version is potentially just as fast as when John Wyer's team won at Le Mans.

Peter Thorp negotiated with Ford the right to call the car the GT40 and bought up the available parts from J W Automotive, so the MkV is not a replica, but rather an evolution. The steel monocoque





chassis is now fabricated rather than pressed (and is, surprisingly, a little lighter than the originals), and GT40 designer Len Bailey was engaged to make some production modifications and updates. The demonstrator has a Targa type roof panel, and the glass-fibre body is made on the same moulds as the original Mark I, thought by many to be the most appealing of the GT40 line.

The standard of workmanship is quite superb, the demonstrator's scarlet paint-work being to a standard that would do credit to a high quality production car. Under the rear-hinged engine cover nestles a Holley 4-barrel carbureted 302 cubic inch V8 with Gurney-Eagle heads, the package rated at around 350bhp.

The Holley gives the GT40 tractable road manners, but if you want the full racing specification, you order the Weber carbureted Weslake head engine which will be rated at 435bhp.

A ZF five speed gearbox, Automotive Products' twin-plate racing clutch, and ventilated 11.5 inch racing brakes complete the vital statistics of this ultimate road car, which weighs just below 1,000 kilograms ready to go.

With long gearing and over 7,000rpm available, the GT40 has the acceleration that pushes occupants in the spine remorselessly while the horizon hurtles nearer.

The 'ton' takes only about 10 seconds to reach, and that would be in third gear

with two more to shift.

As racing cars go it's almost two decades old, with none of the ground effects that make modern racing machines go round corners almost without slowing. But the handling is very sure, very well balanced at the speeds which can be accomplished on public roads, while the ride is more supple than we expected.

To buy a Safir GT40 you need £50,000 and some mechanical knowledge, or help from friends, since Peter Thorp's product does not have National Type Approval and must, therefore, be sold as a racing car or as a kit.

Latter-day perhaps, but it is built in the same jigs and cast in the same moulds. The GT40 still lives! ♣



BEVERLY



Photographs by Rupert Daines















opened my eyes
He's coming round, a woman's voice
remarked
Where in the hell am I? I asked. And
why are my hands tied?
My eyes came into focus and I was
confronted by a room, strangely absent of
windows. The only door was closed, and
the furniture was sparse but comfortable.
Where am I? I repeated
A tall blonde came into view and sat on

No, Sir,
I've make it three o'clock this
afternoon
As I started to walk to my Rolls, some-
thing struck me on the back of the head
and half spinning to face my adversaries, I
collapsed unconscious to the ground.
When I came to, I was instantly aware of
a throbbing pain located somewhere at the
nape of my neck. My hands were tied
uncomfortably behind my back. Slowly

different matter, though, when I was
being kidnapped early yesterday
morning . . .

Jayne, I shall be out for the rest of the
morning. Cancel the meeting with the
executive board for me, please.
Certainly, Mr Denton. When would you
like to hold it now?
Have I got anything planned for this
afternoon . . . say about three?

Slowly I stirred from the peaceful depths
of sleep, feeling tightening muscles of
whose very existence I had previously
been unaware, aching from last night's
unashamed debauchery.
But who am I to complain? Would
anyone in his right mind object? It was a

By Timon Masters,
Illustration by Mike Dunning

AS SHE REACHED MY NIPPLES, HER TONGUE DARTED IN AND OUT, GIVING RAPTUREOUS FEELINGS IN MY LOINS

the bed beside me. Gently, with delicate hands, she turned me toward her to inspect my head. My face was only inches from the slit in her skirt exposing an expanse of creamy soft thigh above a sheer black stocking. I winced as she touched the bump.

'Don't worry, Mr Denton, you'll live,' she said in a husky voice. Turning, she continued: 'Jilly, go and get Lou for me, please. Tell her that our esteemed guest is awake.'

'Look,' I implored, 'what do you want with me, and who's Lou?'

The blonde gave me a sympathetic look. 'You've been kidnapped. Mr Denton. Louisa is the one who planned it all. If you have any more questions to ask, I'm sure she'll be only too pleased to answer them.'

Louisa was stunning, looking as though she had just stepped from a centrefold. Her long, auburn hair cascaded from her head to meet the curve of her firm breasts, visibly unsupported beneath the thin white blouse. They were balanced by her full hips and waspish waist.

Slowly I sat up to take in the full length of her elegant form.

'Good afternoon, Tobias Denton.' She pulled up a chair and sat beside me. 'My name is Louisa. I am the person responsible for your being here.'

'Well how about untying me and letting me go... my eyes lingered on her slightly parted lips, ... if you are in charge.'

'Sorry, Tobias,' her smile was sultry, 'no dice. You stay, but I will untie your hands.' She rolled me over. 'Before you leap up and overpower us, there is no escape. If you like, I'll prove that to you as soon as I have this last knot undone.'

'Thank you,' I said as the feeling returned to my freed hands.

'My pleasure,' she replied. 'If you follow me, I'll show you around.'

What have I got to lose, I thought. They were only three women, and very attractive ones at that. It would be as well to know the layout of the place before making an attempt to escape. With that thought in mind, I followed them through the door into a short passage. There were three doors leading from it. Jilly opened the first door

and we walked into a large, well-planned kitchen-diner.

'We have made allowances for the possibility of a long stay,' Louisa said as she went over to a large chest freezer. She lifted the lid to show me that it was packed full. 'There's three months supply of food in the freezer and cupboards. Although we don't anticipate being here as long as that, we're allowing your company plenty of time to raise the cash.'

'Very considerate of you,' I replied sarcastically. 'What's in the other rooms?'

'This door,' said Jilly, indicating the one



ahead, 'is the only way out.'

Instinctively I reached for the handle. The door did not budge a millimetre.

'It's locked with a total of three security locks,' the blonde told me in her husky voice. 'As you can see, there are no keyholes on this side. Only our accomplice, in charge of the financial arrangements, can let you go... when we have the money, of course.'

I certainly could not fault them on their planning! With no windows and only one way out, it would be easier to escape from Alcatraz.

'And that door?' I indicated the last one.

It opened into a large living room. The seating was comfortable. A television with a video sat in one corner, with a selection of films and books lining the shelves on one wall. I walked across the room to another door. Through it was a bathroom, complete with shower, bath and all the usual amenities.

'Very nice,' I said at last, as I sat down

'Where is this place, anyway? How did you find it?'

'That really isn't important,' replied Louisa. 'You might as well be in the middle of the Sahara! There is no chance of your being found.'

'How much are you asking for my return?'

'Not much really. We're not greedy people,' said Jilly as she reclined in one of the armchairs. 'One and a half million.'

I gasped. 'How much?' I asked incredulously. 'You'll never get it!'

'Oh, come on, Tobias,' chided Louisa. 'Just think: oil wells in America, and considerable interests in the Gulf States, gold mines in South Africa, copper, diamonds... even tea and rubber plantations in India and Sri Lanka. Need I go on?'

I shook my head in reply. They knew it all.

'It works out that you are worth somewhere in the region of three hundred million – at thirty-three, just about the most eligible bachelor in the world!'

I could not argue with the figure, so I nodded. They had certainly done their homework.

'Looking at it from that angle,' continued the blonde, 'paying one half of one per cent of your assets to get you back isn't so much after all, is it?'

'This is ridiculous!' I exclaimed. 'You are just three ladies. You should be parading yourselves on some sunny beach, not kidnapping people to extort money from them.'

'Why not?' asked Jilly. 'Haven't you heard of sex equality?'

Louisa held up her hand for silence. 'Let's end this discussion now. Sam, you go and make us all something to eat.' The blonde headed for the kitchen. 'I would suggest, Tobias, that you make the most of your stay with us, and we'll all try to enjoy our time together.'

She left the room with an air of finality.

I suppose there are a lot worse things could have happened to me, I thought as I ate my dinner, than being locked up with three very attractive women. I finished eating and stretched appreciatively.

'Anyone mind if I take a shower to freshen up?' I asked.

When no one answered, I rose from the table and went to the bathroom. There was no lock on the door.

The steaming jets of water sprayed my face and body, and I soon began to feel revitalised. So engrossed in my thoughts was I that the first I knew I had company was when a soft hand snaked around me and landed lightly on my chest, before slinking down to gently caress my balls.

Turning to see who owned the hand, I was met by the vision of Samantha standing naked just outside the cubicle. I took her arm and guided her in, my cock growing in

continued on page 56

"I thought they were joking when they asked me to take a computer test to find my perfect partner..."

'Me? Meet someone through a computer? I meet people at work, through friends... I thought. But did I?

How many new people had I met in the last year? Very few... and those weren't in any way special. Dateline said if I completed their **Free Matching Test**, their computer would search through the personality profiles of tens of thousands of other Dateline members to find someone who was right for me. Then if I wanted, the Dateline computer would run for one year to introduce me to as many

people as I would like to meet. Many would be living in my area; people with whom I'd have a lot in common... someone my own age... who liked the same things I liked... to go to the places I wanted to go... had similar interests. Someone who I'd really like to meet... who would would like to meet me. And they did!

How long has this been going on?

14 years ago Dateline introduced this new concept into the lives of millions of single men and women. Now they are more in demand than ever, and are happy that they have helped so many people, not just through love and marriage, though their success rate is high, but simply through giving people like me the chance to meet and expand their

social lives. If you would like to see how it could work for you...

Take this free test today!

If you're over seventeen, simply complete the details in the coupon below, telling them what you're like and what you want, and they'll send you, **COMPLETELY FREE and without obligation**, the name and a description of your ideal partner. **PLUS** a full colour brochure telling you how Dateline works, and much, much more about Dateline introductions. Now's your chance! **Mail the coupon today to:**

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23 Abingdon Rd.,
London, W8
01-938 1011**

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I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure. And lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.

1. Start here by ticking the two photos that appeal to you most.



2. Do you consider yourself:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shy | <input type="checkbox"/> Generous |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Extrovert | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor type |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventurous | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family type | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clothes-conscious | <input type="checkbox"/> Intellectual |

3. Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pop music | <input type="checkbox"/> Politics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical music |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pubs and clubs | <input type="checkbox"/> Art/Literature |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sport | <input type="checkbox"/> Live theatre |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pets | <input type="checkbox"/> Science or technology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Folk music | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative writing/painting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Travelling | <input type="checkbox"/> Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cinema | <input type="checkbox"/> History/Archaeology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good food | <input type="checkbox"/> Conversation |



Your Sex put M or F Your Height ft. ins

Your Age yrs Age you would like to meet MIN MAX

Christian Name

Surname

Address

Nationality Religion

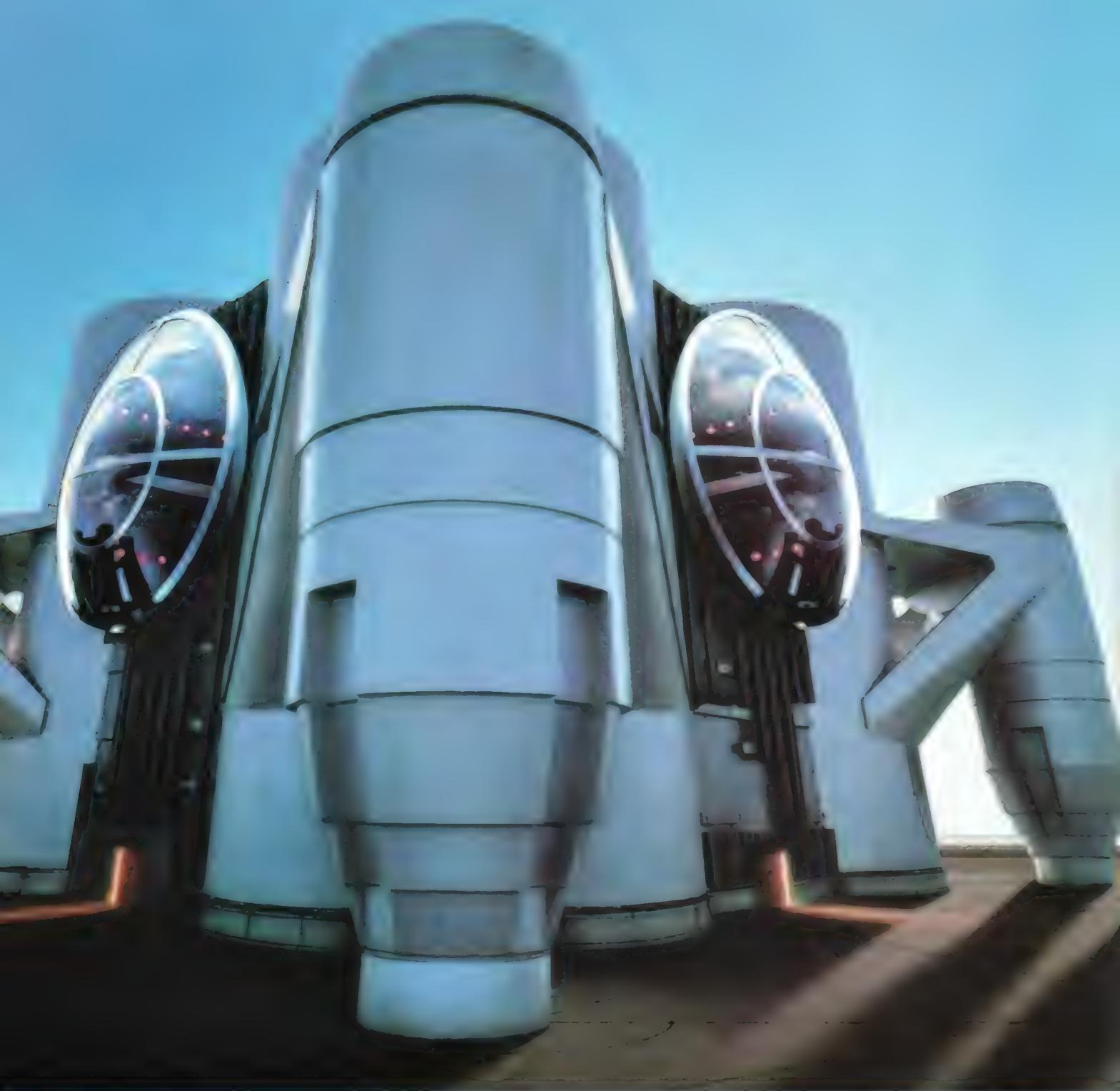
Occupation

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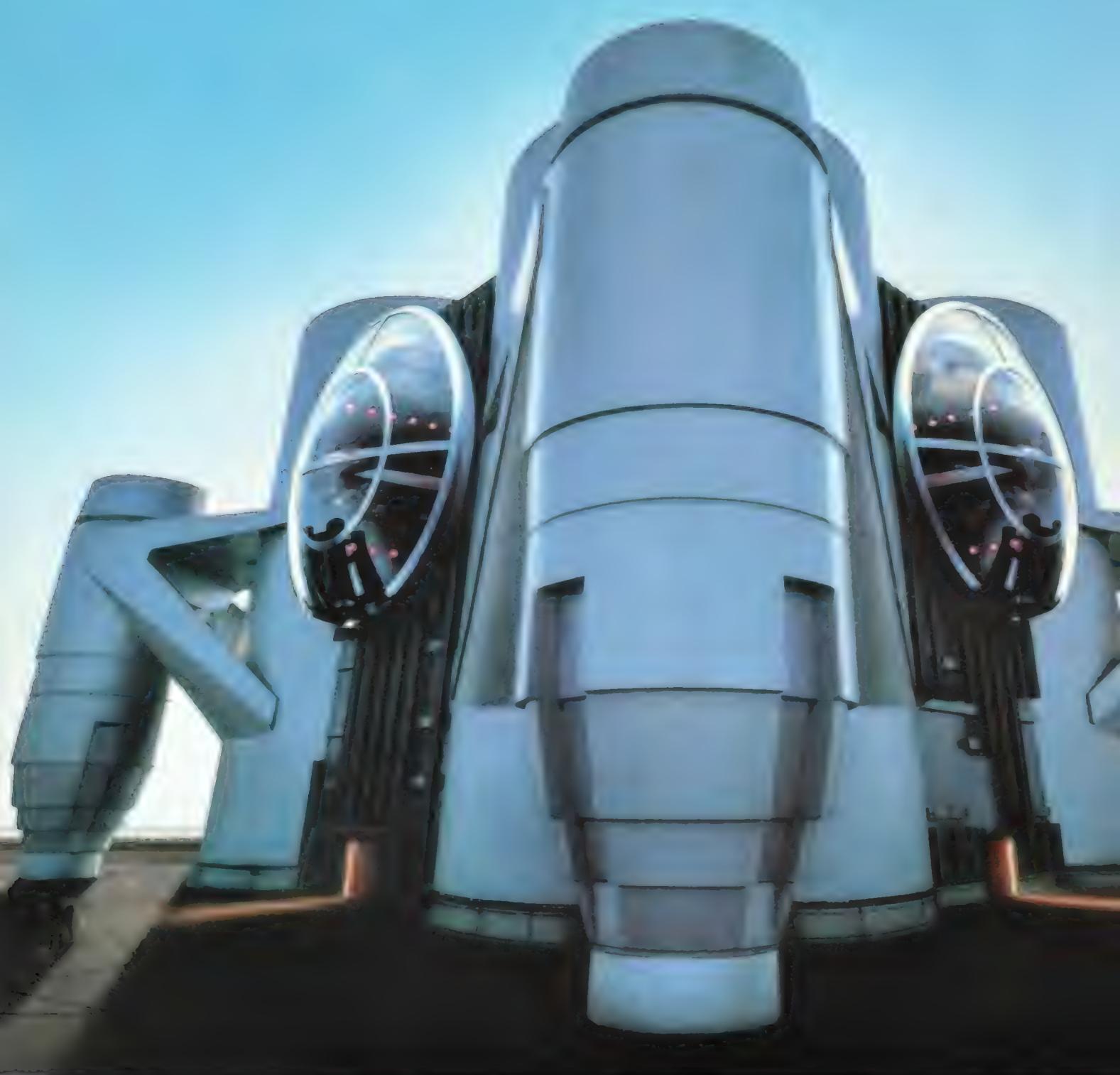


ROTHMAN



MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government DANGER: Government Health WARNING

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WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Photographs by Rupert Daines









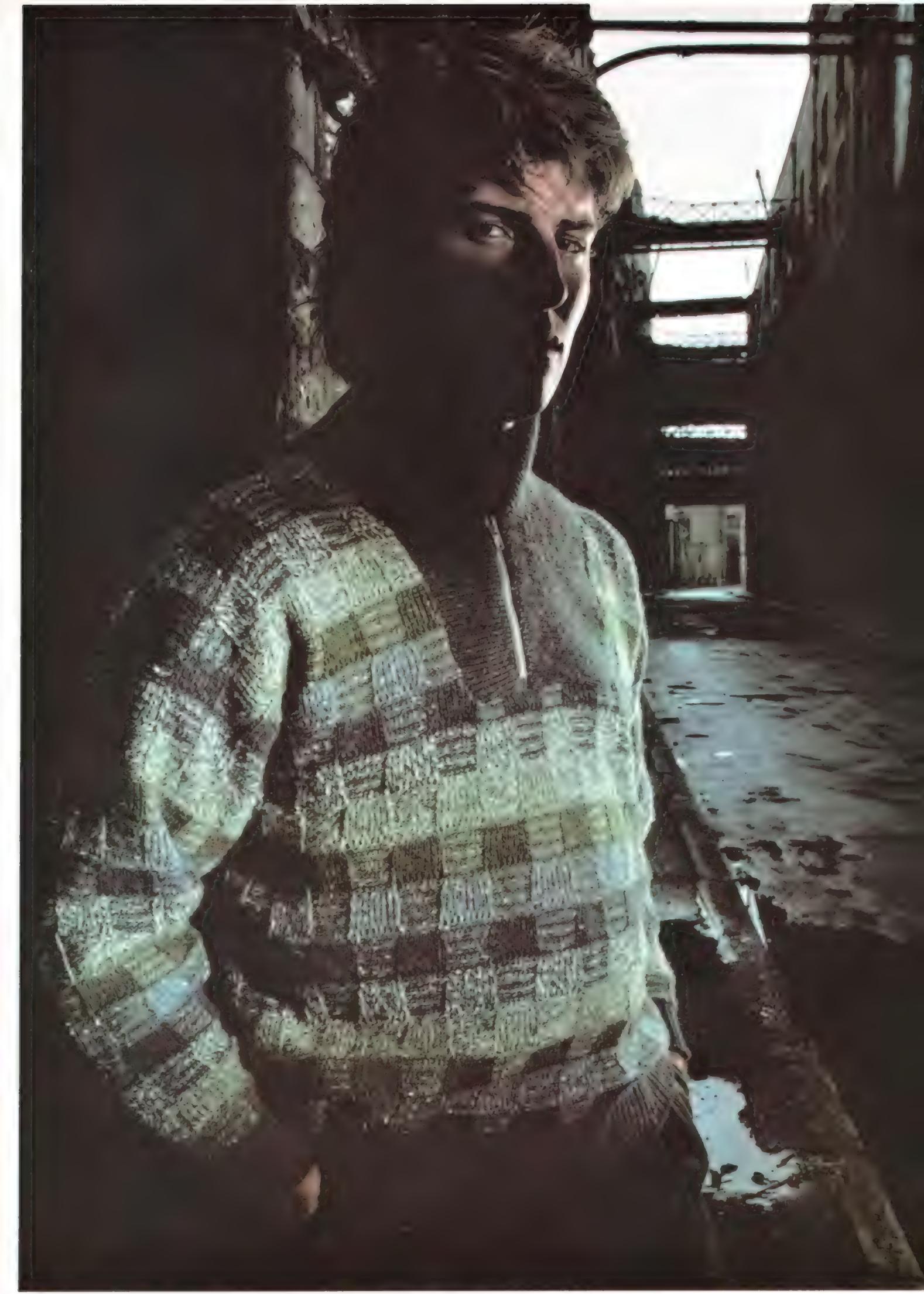






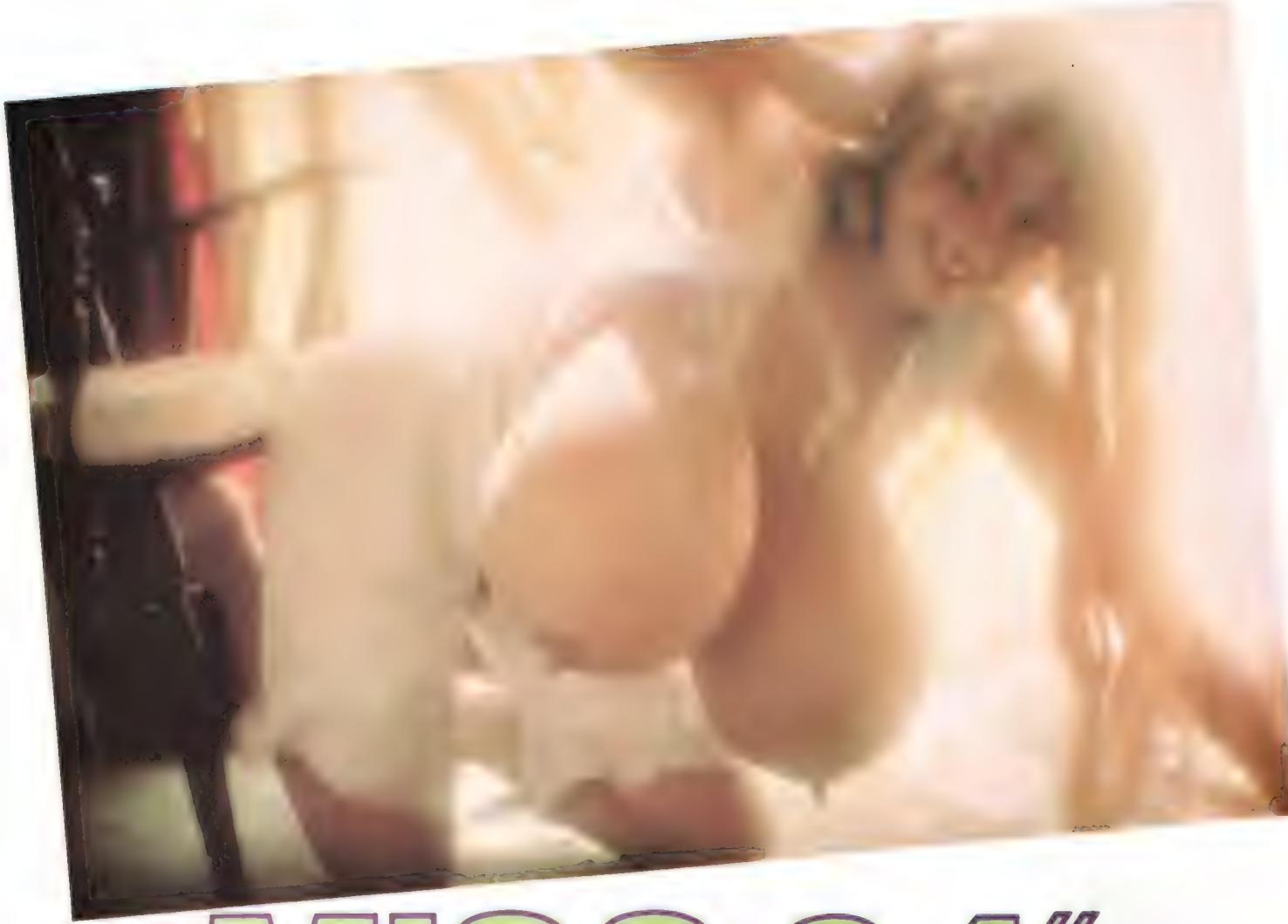








EXCLUSIVE
VIEW SHOTS



MISS 84"















HI, I'M CANDY

Candy Samples, the grande dame of American porn, has been hired by *Club International* to deal with readers sexual and emotional problems – in her big-hearted, big-chested fashion! Renowned for flashing her incredible 54-inch tits in skin mags and doing unspeakable things on stag loops than putting pen to paper, Candy is capable of turning her hand to more than hard cocks.



Hi Candy! I'm writing to you to see if you can help me. Everyone thinks I am homosexual, but I'm not. My friends skit me and I hate it. I've tried to ignore them, but it's no good.

Peter, Alton.

If you're straight, why are you so concerned what others think? Just relax and be yourself. If you're slightly effeminate, resign yourself to that fact: let me tell you that



plenty of women are attracted to your type of guy these days! Candy.

Hi Candy! I thought I'd write and tell you about my problem: I simply cannot get a girlfriend. I've been trying for over a year now, without success, and every time I try and get off with a girl I get rejected. Not only that, but I'm a very shy person, and that doesn't help any. If only a girl would give me a chance. I'm a very nice person to



know, and I feel there must be a girl out there somewhere. I know you understand the agony that shyness and loneliness cause, because I think you're a sympathetic person. I read in *Club International* that you are in your forties, but I don't believe that. If you are, then you're a remarkable woman, with everything a guy could want: charm, sophistication and sex appeal. I may be shy, Candy, but one night spent with you and I'd come right out of my shyness!

J D, Glasgow.

I feel you should know that yours is just one of hundreds of letters I receive on the theme of loneliness. The effect these letters have on me is to make me feel wretched; simply because there are no words of consolation I am able to offer that will alter the plight of lonely people one iota. All I can suggest to you, J D, is that you forget all about being 'shy' and go out there and get 'em! A friend of my ex-boyfriend was the ugliest, most boring individual you've ever met in your life, yet he used to lay a different chick just about every day of the week. His technique? The process of elimination! He simply used to confront attractive females on the street and ask them: 'Would you like to fuck?' True, he collected more than his fair share of black eyes, bruises, scratches and, on one memorable occasion, collected a hefty (and probably well-deserved), knee in the balls. But, as he used to say: 'How the hell bad is a success rate of one in twenty-five?' It's really up to you. Candy.

Hi Candy! What is the weirdest sexual practice you have indulged in – on screen or off?

Ron H. Horndean.

In the early sixties I featured in a series of 15 minute, 16mm fetish loops (Big Tits In Bondage, Size Queen, Leather Lovers, etc), in one of which I was required to lie naked on – of all things – an operating

table! I was anointed with oil from head to foot by two rubberclad dykes, who were instructed by the director to cover me with sheets of thin latex, bound tight to my skin with rubber bands. The feeling of sensuality conveyed to my erogenous zones was quite overpowering, but when I reached to rub my pussy, I realised my wrists and ankles had been tied to the frame of the operating table. One of the girls then produced a massive, mains-operated vibrator and proceeded to tease my clit through the thin rubber sheet. The ensuing sensation drove me absolutely crazy, so much so that my pleas for a proper orgasm were finally heeded: using scissors, the girls cut a hole in the latex to expose my cunt, and fingerfucked me to an incredible climax. I never saw the film and I'm unaware of what title it went out with. But I can vouch for the fact that it was very hot stuff indeed! Candy.

Hi Candy! I'd be very much obliged if you

could tell me where to buy nice, sexy bras for big boobs. Mine are 46D, and rarely can I find anything other than old-fashioned white nylon or cotton. They're my pride and joy – but I'd like to show them off a bit more.

Elaine, E Lothian.

All my 'display' bras are custom made, though I occasionally buy off the peg from Fredericks of Hollywood. I gather from my English friends that specialist shops such as Janet Reger and Rose Lewis (both Knightsbridge-based), cater to big girls, but you'd have to contact them to find if they retail North of the border. Candy.

Hi Candy! My wife and I are in our early thirties, and we've been married for about three years. Sexually, we're very active: some three or four times a day. Just recently I've noticed slight traces of blood on my cock after fucking, and not only when my wife is approaching or finishing her period. She says it's 'nothing', but I'm not so sure. What do you think?

George H. Bristol.

Some women produce minor clots of blood between periods, which usually disperse naturally, but if these symptoms persist, I would advise you have your wife see a doctor. I doubt that there is anything seriously wrong with her, but it could be – and I'm only guessing here – your wife might need a 'scrape' or evacuation (an extremely minor gynaecological operation), within the next six months or so. Candy.

Hi Candy! Currently I'm faced with something of a moral dilemma. While I love to fuck my wife every which way, I long to experiment in more and more 'far out' ways. Right now we're acting-out some really bizarre fantasies, but the thing I want to

THE SENSATION DROVE ME CRAZY, SO THAT MY PLEAS FOR AN ORGASM WERE HEDED

experience most of all still eludes me, ie to watch her fucking and gobbling two really, big-cocked, black guys. The thought of seeing her well and truly impaled on a massive black cock while sucking on another – making out like a really disgusting little fuckpig – makes my cock harden. Even so, the respect I have for my wife prevents me from divulging this innermost secret fantasy – for fear of offending her and spoiling our (very progressive), sex scene.

Mike F. York.

I think you're missing the point! It's simply not possible to go through life enacting your wildest fantasies, some of which (being a millionaire, screwing Sophia Loren or whatever), have to remain as such. While having your wife vigorously fucked by two black studs might be a wild and groan-stirring proposition, it's neither practical nor – as you so rightly observe – likely to enhance your matrimonial harmony. Besides, what do you do for an encore? And what if she prefers being fucked by two superstudts to scrawny little you? Candy.

Hi Candy! For the first time in my life, I recently ventured into a sex shop, one that has just opened a half mile from my front door. I was intrigued by some of the items on display, in particular a preposterously large rubber double dildo, which measured two feet long and all of six inches thick. I was too embarrassed (if only because I was the only female customer in the shop) to ask what was the purpose of this awesome object. I should mention that, as an active lesbian, I'm not exactly a stranger to sex aids, but what woman would be capable of accommodating such a monstrosity?

Terry H. Derby.

I spoke to Beate Uhse, the leading manufacturers of sex aids in Europe, only to discover that the item to which you refer measures not a puny two feet, but a whopping two feet four, and is seven, not six, inches thick! This 'double-ender' is manufactured chiefly for its novelty value (ha-ha), so they say, though women who

have had two or more babies would have little trouble sharing a phallus of this kind – though possibly not to the hilt. Personally, I can think of more comfortable ways to come! Candy.

Hi Candy! I suspect I'm showing signs of a need to be dominated by females. While my sex life is normal enough, I find I get really turned-on by being verbally abused by women – like when I have a row with my

to kiss and make up (or in your case, fuck and make up), than to resort to a more extreme form of physical violence. 'But is it rape?' I hear my readers ask. I guess your girl wouldn't still be around if you were that disrespectful, right? Candy.

Hi Candy! When we married, my wife was slender and shapely and mad keen for sex. Now, eight years later, she's really 'let herself go'. She eats more than she used to, and drinks a fair bit – all of which is OK, but she doesn't even bother to restrict her consumption calorifically, eating and drinking the 'wrong things'. The upshot of this is, of course, that I find it increasingly difficult to find her sexually attractive. I'd stop screwing her altogether if I thought she'd take the hint and try to improve herself, but she seems so uninterested in sex these days, that she'd regard sexual deprivation as a welcome relief.

Tony R. Cardiff.

It may well be that your wife's increase in weight – far from reflecting a lack of interest in sex or your good self – merely indicates the degree of security she feels in her relationship with you. The problem, as I see it, is purely and simply one of diet, and if you were to lead the way with a calorie controlled diet, your wife could only feel guilty at not following suit. Tell her you want her like you found her, and help her get that way. Candy.

Hi Candy! Much as I like my boyfriend, I feel he's not treating me with the respect I deserve. It's really nice making love with him, and we have some amazing orgasms together. However, all he wants to do is spend every evening in bed with me, 'experimenting' with vibrators and having me dress up in all kinds of sleazy lingerie. He's also acquired a taste for fingerfucking. I enjoy being fingerfucked as a preliminary to sex, but I object to him relentlessly shoving three fingers in and out of me – definitely no substitute for the real thing. All this I could just about live with, if he took me out occasionally, to a restaurant or disco. True, he's still a student and doesn't have a lot of money, but I'm not asking for a lot of lavish gifts.

Please, how do I handle him?
Cathy, Manchester.

girlfriend. Sometimes, after a particularly bitter row, I reach to hit my girl but I tear at her clothes in anger instead, and end up having the most marvellous fuck. Do you think my behaviour is perverted?

James D. Oxford.

I don't think so. The impression I get is that you have a particularly tempestuous relationship, and that an inherent decency (yes, decency) within you ordains that it's better

Firmly. You're giving him everything you've got in order to make him happy and he's giving you SFA back. 'Sweets for treats' is a whore's outlook, but he's got to learn to be less selfish. Honey, you didn't tell me your age – but don't you think you might just be better off with someone a little older? I know this type of guy and I know what a pain they can be to get rid of, but it's time to start thinking about number one. I reckon you're being used. Candy.



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ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND PRETTY SOON AN IMPROPTU ORGY HAD STARTED

Hi Candy! I want to ask you something: do some women get off making obscene telephone calls? For the past few Saturday nights – really late – I've been getting calls from a foxy-sounding female who'll never say who she is or how come she got my number. She says things like: 'I need a gynaecologist,' and 'I'm so hungry,' or, last Saturday, 'I'd like to sit on your face and squirm around on it.' The first call she made, I think I could detect another female giggling in the background, but now she seems to have taken to making calls on her own initiative. The only effect these calls have upon me is to really piss me off. I mean, it is all very well being woken up at two or three am to listen to a girl talking dirty – but what's the point if she's got no intention of coming across?

FVS, Stratford.

I know exactly the position you're in: do you play safe and regard the whole thing as a practical joke (assuming it's a put up job and all your pals are sitting and listening to your reactions on extension lines), or do you really get into it? Female obscene telephone callers are a very rare breed, although I once knew a girl who was really into it. She always maintained that sex was a real disappointment to her, in as much as she could never get anywhere near the orgasmic heights of her fantasies in real life. Sometimes she'd sit up all night, phoning guys and plugging herself with a dildo, as she aroused their interest with the most disgusting talk you ever heard emanate from a female mouth! Candy.

Hi Candy! I'm 26 years old, perfectly happily married. My work with computers frequently takes me to Germany where, for reasons I can't quite define, I've started to frequent brothels. The practices I indulge in with these German whores I wouldn't dream of getting up to with my wife. Most of all I enjoy threesomes, as I particularly like to see two girls lick each other out. Sometimes I fuck a girl doggie fashion, ramming it up her so hard her buttocks wobble! Then, when I unload my cum into her, I love to see the other whore lick it up as it dribbles from her cunt. I also

like to be sucked off by one girl as I fingerfuck another, and I always like to finish a session by spurting my spunk in their faces.

Every time I go home I feel guilty when my wife asks what I've been up to, but I don't think there's any harm done by lying: 'Ignorance is bliss', as they say. One thing that really concerns me, however, is the prospect of catching a dose and passing it on to my wife – the reason for my writing to

Hi Candy! I love it when you jerk guys off with your tits, and I notice from closeup shots in your movies (and in a few magazine stills), that you have abnormally large milk ducts in your nipples. Is it true that a guy actually managed to fuck the holes in your nipples? If so, what's the name of the film this breathtaking sequence featured in?

Andy, Chiswick.

Yes, it's perfectly true, but the occasion was never recorded on celluloid. What happened was that I'd been on a film set all day, during which my tits had been fondled and squeezed and fucked every which way, making my nipples unusually large. When shooting finished, we sat around the sound stage, drinking wine and generally partying. One thing led to another and pretty soon an impromptu orgy had started. An old friend of mine called Eddie was making a living at that time as a 'back door man' – hardcore movie terminology for a guy with a smaller-than-average cock who, while a stud was fucking a girl in the cunt, could screw her from behind without causing her the discomfort that a bigger-hung dude would. Eddie's cock was only four or so inches long, but it was real pretty. In the process of this mass fuck-in he discovered, by 'milking' one of my tits a certain way, he could enlarge the hole in my left nipple to almost half an inch diameter. Eddie lubricated his cock and managed to get just the head inside it. He claimed it was a 'truly ecstatic' experience, and indeed he came in seconds flat. I then bathed my nipples in a cold water antiseptic solution and amused (and amazed), all and sundry by – a half hour later – squirting cum from my nipple. This feat, I should mention, was accomplished when I was very much in my prime and my tits were still really supple. I very much doubt if I – or any other porno girl around right now – could repeat or in any way emulate this stunt. Candy.

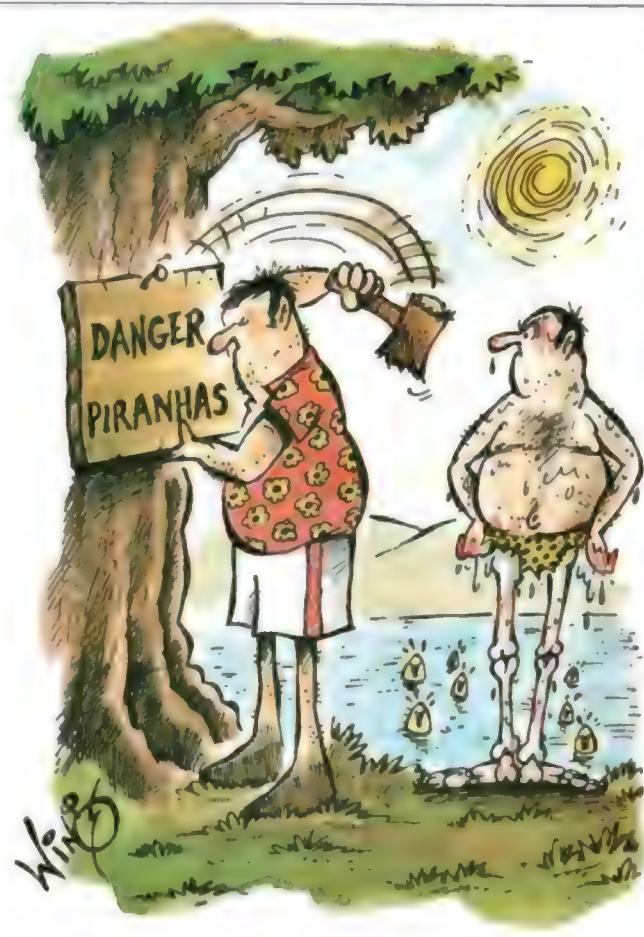
Hi Candy! I have just returned from Denmark, where I have seen what must surely rank as the most disgusting porno film ever made. No stranger to animal sex movies and peeing films, I actually watched (five minutes of!) a film depicting 'erotic vomiting' and the eating of human excrement. Is there a genuine market for this filth, or are the big Scandinavian hardcore outfits attempting – quite literally – to out-gross each other?

FD, Reigate.

you. What do you consider the best means of preventing VD? Is wearing a rubber sheath sufficient protection?

Tim J. Wanstead.

You really can't beat a letter like this for eroding your faith in humanity. Here we have an amoral, gutless little fornicator whose only consolation in life is not to give his licentious game away by giving the clap to his wife. A real charmer, right? The best means of preventing VD? Try dipping your cock in a vat of nitric acid. Candy.



Coprophilia is such a minority fetish that the producer of a £30,000 hardcore movie dealing with such a subject couldn't possibly begin to recoup that outlay from the bona fide fetishist market. Nowadays, it's a case of 'if it's nasty, it sells'. Simple as that (nice lil' world we live in, right?). Candy. ♣

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MY HANDS WERE BURIED IN HER LONG, DAMP HAIR AS I APPROACHED A SHATTERING CLIMAX

continued from page 18

admiration as she came towards me. Tall as she was, I still had to bend my head to meet her lips, as I let my tongue explore her sweet mouth. After what seemed an eternity, we broke the contact.

'I decided to find out if rich men are any better at making love than the other men I've known,' she said in her husky voice.

'Try me, and find out,' I suggested.

She started with my mouth, her tongue fencing with mine, as we probed and teased each other. Her soft hands glided smoothly over my back down to my buttocks, as her delicate mouth began to trace a feather-light pattern of kisses down my chest.

As she reached my nipples, her tongue darted in and out, giving rapturous feelings in my loins. Lower her head went, her tongue and lips weaving their way through the mass of curling hairs around my navel. Her hands were now moving round to the front, teasingly, and she smiled coyly up at me before gently stroking my engorged, throbbing member.

Her head moved to meet her hands and join them in their play, as slowly she began to lick along the entire length of my cock. I leaned back against the wall of the cubicle, sliding down its slippery surface as my hands moved to guide her head nearer my aching body.

'God! That's fantastic!' I uttered, as my body began to quiver under her expert ministrations.

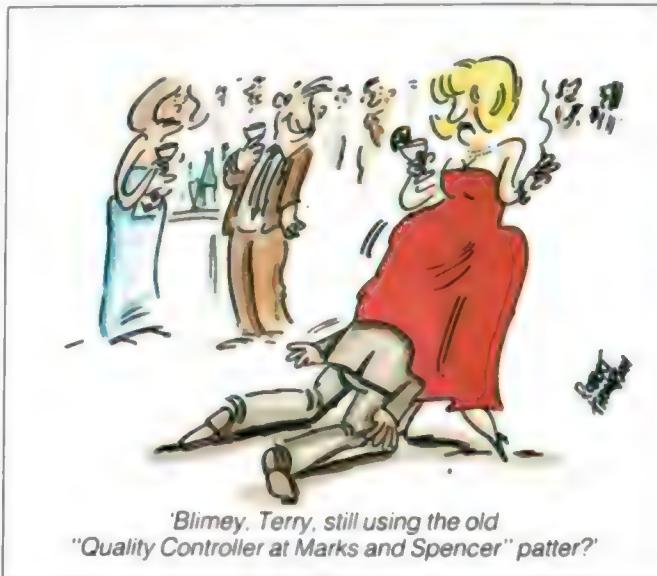
The water formed droplets on her erect nipples, and I reached to flick them off. With a gasp of pleasure, her lips closed over my glans, and slowly, oh so slowly, she worked her way along my shaft, swirling her tongue in expert flowing motions, until she held every inch. Then she worked her way back and started down again, building up speed as my thrusting hips went to meet her darting head.

'Oh, please, don't stop!' I pleaded as the intensity of my passion grew. My hands were buried in her long, damp hair as I approached a shattering climax. With a final, desperate lunge, I pulled her hard on to me as my whole prick exploded into the back of her throat.

With rasping breath, I sank back against the tiles as she milked every drop of come from me with that fantastic tongue. At last

she pulled her head away, and I cradled her in my arms, slowly fondling her breast. At once her sensitive nipple came alive beneath my fingers. She shuddered and let out a moan as my hand moved to the blonde hairs glistening above her cunt. I teased her with my finger, and her back arched in anticipation. My mouth closed on hers, and my tongue thrust into her mouth in perfect timing with the finger in her dripping hole.

'Let's go to bed,' I suggested, pulling hand and mouth away in one slow movement.



'Blimey, Terry, still using the old

"Quality Controller at Marks and Spencer" patter?'

I draped a towel round her lovely body, and grabbed another for myself, and together we ran to the bedroom. As we passed the closed kitchen door I could hear Louisa and Jilly chatting beyond it.

She lay on the bed, her golden hair falling like a halo round her flawless face. My eyes travelled down to her breasts, rising and falling to the rhythm of her breathing. Her ripe nipples cried out to be sucked. Slowly my gaze wandered to her flat stomach to the blonde hairs, glistening with dew from her love nest. Her long legs were poised seductively, invitingly.

Slowly I lowered myself on to the bed beside her, and bent my head to hers in a kiss that discovered all the beautiful hidden corners of her mouth. She writhed with desire as my hands explored her breasts, making gentle little circling motions around her nipples. Moaning, she pulled my head on to her breast, and I sucked, and flicked my tongue, and sucked again. Her hand went down to her clit, and as she began to

tickle it, I moved her hand to my cock, and took over the stimulation of her clit with my free hand. She gasped and moaned, and shuddered as she came for the first time.

Finally releasing her nipple, I nibbled and kissed my way down to her cunt. My tongue darted in and out, arousing her to further heights. Her clit was hard and hot under my touch. She was very, very wet. Slowly, ever so slowly, I licked at her juices, my eager tongue moving in and out of that exquisite opening, then moving back to encircle her clit again. As I dipped into the nectar again, she clasped my head between her thighs and screamed in ecstasy as she came again. God! if the bees ever got near her, they would never again want a flower!

Her hands and mouth were by now caressing my cock, increasing its size until I thought it would burst. Never before had any woman aroused me this much!

'Toby, I want to feel you inside me,' she moaned. 'Please, I want your big cock in my pussy.'

I was really enjoying myself now, and I wanted it to last. Grinning playfully, I slid two fingers inside her, then slowly withdrew them. In, and out. In again, and out. She writhed and moaned some more.

'How do I compare with your poor little friends?' I asked, sliding my fingers in again as I grasped a nipple and started sucking.

'You're the best, Toby. My God!' she exploded in yet another orgasm. 'My God! I've never had it like this before. Toby, please fuck me. I want you inside me. For Christ's sake, let me have it inside me!'

I lifted my head from her breast, and still with my fingers performing their motions in her cunt, I rolled her over. Lifting her hips clear of the bed, in one smooth movement I exchanged fingers for cock, rubbing my throbbing tip against her dripping hole.

'Please, Toby! I can't hold out any longer.'

She let out a sharp scream as I plunged deep inside her, my cock so huge I could feel her tight round me like a band of steel. My hand went round to caress her breast, then down to tickle her clit, as I slowly withdrew, then sank into her again. As our rhythm increased in pace, so her canal tightened round my prick, tighter and tighter with every thrust. I was completely in control now, and could hold out as long as I wanted. And this was much too good to hurry.

'Come in me,' she screamed. 'Please, Toby! I'm coming again, and I want to go with you. Please, Toby, now!'

Her whole body shook as she soared to the heights, and she reached behind to pull me hard into her.

'Deeper, deeper! Fuck me hard and deep,' she begged, as she went from one orgasm straight into another, and another.

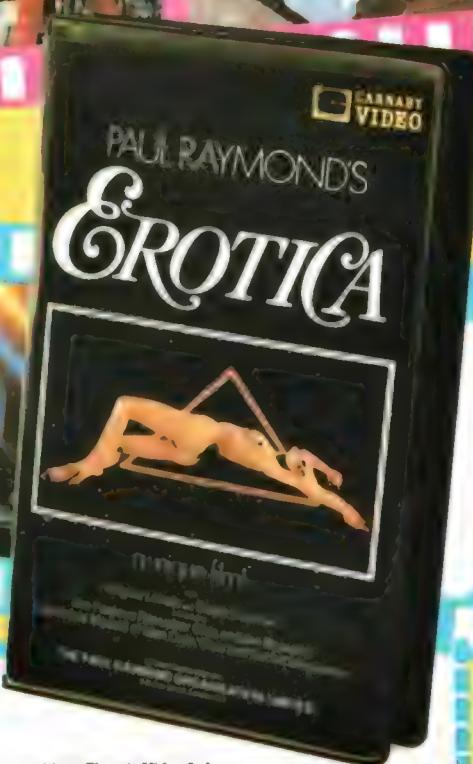
I thrust and thrust, in and out, in and out. Then with one final jerk of my body I plunged deep into her, and erupted right

continued on page 64

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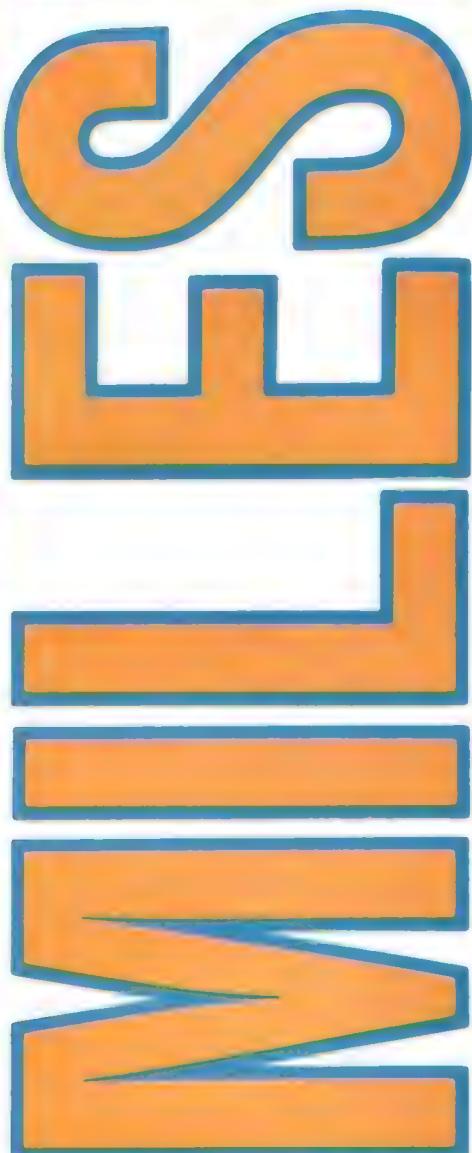


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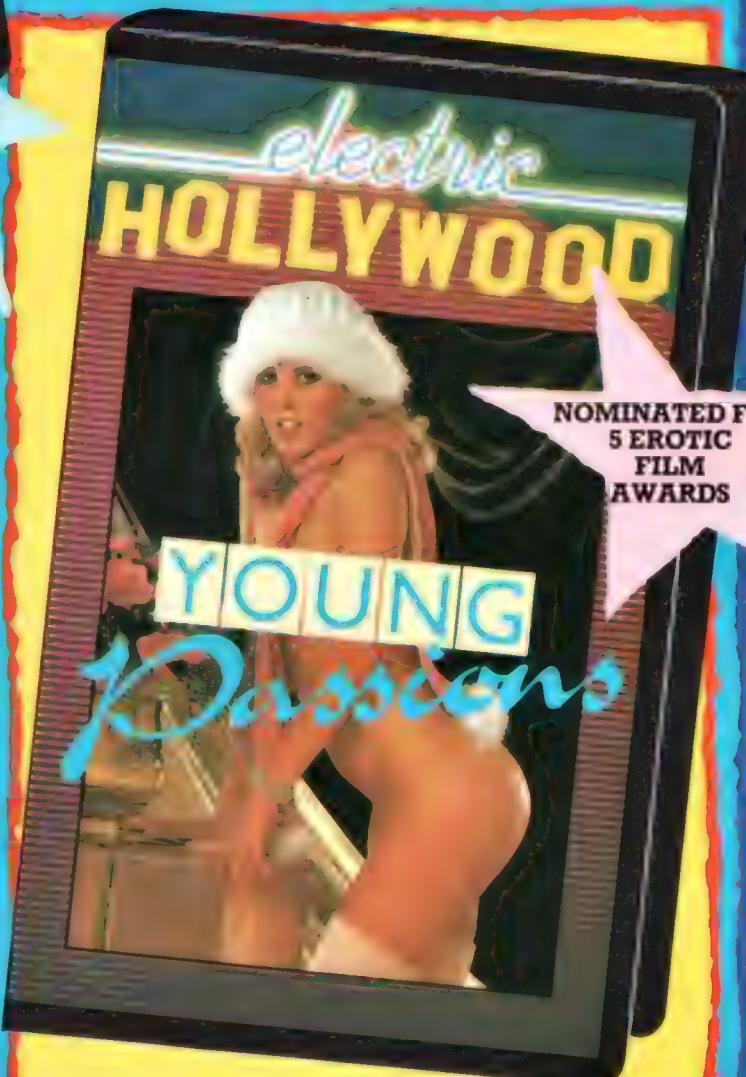
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Ass-thetics

Sir: When my steady hoists the red flag, we still have fun in bed. She has these fleshy thighs and arse cheeks which she keeps toned up with lemon juice, so the skin is smooth and inviting. She lays on her front with her legs straight and I spread baby oil over the back of her thighs and in between her cheeks. I've now got me a warm, soft groove about two feet long to plunge into. The sight of her round white arse and the tanned thighs give me great hard-ons. I poke into the oiled groove, moving my whang from her knees to her bumhole like I was screwing with a real long pussy. I cum with the tip of my cock buried in her cheeks and my nuts crushed between her thighs. I don't have to do more than stroke her pussy and tits and she cum too.

Wilmer McV, Brighton.

Twice as Nice

Sir: Right from our first date, my current girl let me know she swings both ways. She's small and fragile-looking and she said she brought out the maternal instincts in other women, not necessarily dikes. I've had many proofs of this, and I've been in social situations where hetero ladies have been only too glad to go to bed with her. I've never yet seen her in the sack with her own sex, but I've had the next best thing...

We went to a weekend party of young people and my girl seduced a breathtaking young blonde I'd had my eye on myself. Turned out she was with her steady for the whole weekend – except for the night my girl sucked her off and then at once came back to our room and kissed me so I could taste

the blonde's juices from her tongue. Ecstacy...
Albert L, Herts.

Love 'em or Leave

Sir: In my four years in the service, I've experienced some wild leaves, but the best ever was a single night of shore leave when we docked at Malta. Two friends and I got into a classy hotel where we had a couple of cocktails before they realised we weren't officers: sorry, John, you'll have to leave. Then, like something out of a movie, an elegant Italian lady of about 35 offered to drive us where we wanted to go. The three of us got in the back of her limo with her while her chauffeur drove slowly round the streets of Valletta.

All the time we were kissing her, feeling up her skirt (she

wasn't wearing panties), and grabbing her soft tits. She climaxed with her two holes full of fingers, but she wasn't going to be happy with just that. She got the chauffeur to take us to her villa above the town, a big old place with a modern pool at the rear gardens.

We all stripped off and played with her in the water, sucking her snatch under the surface, pressing our hard-ons into her smooth belly and arse. In the end we got to fuck her all at once, putting her in a cock-sandwich in the shallow end of the pool. I was the lucky guy standing up over my buddies and holding the lady's face in my crotch while they entered her snatch, turn about. I could feel every response as she whimpered into my crotch with my dork pressing into her

throat.

She wriggled in our arms, milking our cocks until we popped our roe. Then she got us to switch positions. This time I sat on the rim of the pool while she straddled my cock and my mates attacked her mouth. In the end she took three loads off of each of us. I never met such a jizz-happy woman.
Ross O, Plymouth.

Pussy Power

Sir: Love the mag, but can we please have more cunts with really big, aroused, clitoris? Most guys I ever talk with agree that a prominent clitoris which is obviously swollen is the most horny picture possible. And I know from experience that some of the loveliest girls have that little bit extra between the legs. They can't all be shy of showing it off to us clit-worshippers, so how about it? Pretty please?

WP, Acton.

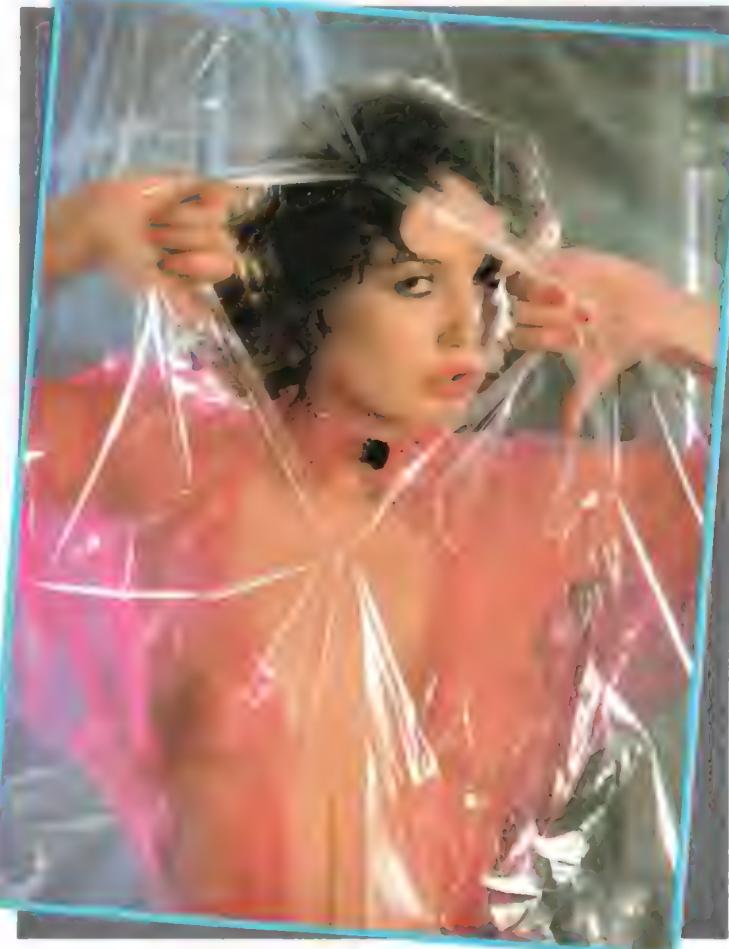
Dress Rehearsals

Sir: Neither my wife nor I are true cross-dressers, but once a week we spend the whole evening at home dressed in each other's clothes. Fortunately, we're both the same height and almost the same figure (except for the obvious differences), and if I find her panties a little tight, this only adds to the tension.

In a suit of mine, my wife looks even more feminine and alluring, not at all dikey – though she says if I really was a girl she'd be a raving lesbian! On these evenings, naturally, we always make love wearing as much of each other's clothing as we can, even keeping panties and underpants on till the moment before penetration. If she acts a little more aggressively than on other nights, or if I'm a little more passive, this just gives us more depths of emotion to explore. Because it's the romance of the thing which appeals to us, like kids playing charades, we feel even more loving towards each other as time goes by.

None of our friends know about it and we don't intend for them to know. The reason I'm writing to you is to encourage other couples to explore fresh avenues in their sexual routine. We certainly do not wish to claim that cross-dressing is for everyone, but it sure has worked for us.

Mr and Mrs Bill D, Oxford.



continued on page 82

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HER RIPE NIPPLES CRIED OUT TO BE SUCKED. SLOWLY MY GAZE WANDERED TO HER FLAT STOMACH

continued from page 56

inside her, feeling her body close tight around my cock as I erupted, sending my come far into her womb.

With a shuddering moan, she collapsed panting and satisfied, and I held her in my arms.

'Is this a private party, or can we all join in?'

Louisa's unexpected voice made me start, and I sat up abruptly. She and Jilly were sat on the settee, naked and very, very desirable. Jilly's fingers were gently circling and stroking Louisa's firm, bronzed breast, titillating the erect nipple, while Louisa's fingers were moving in and out of Jilly's canal.

Jilly's silky thighs were parted, and from where I lay I had a perfect view. Never one to give in, I could feel my cock begin to stir again.

'How long have you been there?' I asked casually, my eyes on those fingers moving in and out of the hole, increasing the flow of nectar.

'Long enough,' giggled Jilly. 'Looks as if we've got more than we bargained for, doesn't it, Lou?'

'Sure does!' exclaimed Louisa, and her body swayed tantalisingly as she came over to the bed. 'Move over, Sam, darling. He's big enough for all of us to share.'

Her hand ran lightly over my body as she sized me up, deciding which end to have first. Slowly she climbed up beside me and straddled my chest. Gently she pulled my head into her fanny, and as her odour assailed my nostrils, my tongue came out and started its work on her clit.

Beyond her, Jilly had covered my lower regions with her wet pussy and was working miracles on my cock. Never had I dreamed that I could sustain an erection for so long! Jilly's pretty mouth closed over my organ, and she began working up and down my shaft, bringing me to the heights of orgasm again.

At the other end, my tongue was working its magic on Louisa, as it teased her clit with little flicking movements. Louisa grasped her breasts, her fingers arousing the nipples. Samantha moved and pushed Louisa's hand away, lowering her mouth to nip and suck at Louisa's breasts, causing

her to moan and pull my head deeper into her cunt. I used my tongue with skill, probing deeper and deeper inside her hole, feeling the juices start to run. As she moaned, Samantha sucked harder, and her hand strayed down to her own clit.

Gently I pulled her hand away, and let my own fingers do the job for her. She was hot and steamy again, and her sucking on Louisa's breast increased as my fingers moved inside her, then out and in again, finger-fucking as expertly as I knew how.

Louisa arched backwards, and clasped one of Jilly's tits in her mouth, and Jilly



'Well, I must be going, Dinky will be wanting her din-dins.'

gasped as she lowered her cunt on to my cock. Her hand came forward to caress Louisa's free breast as she moved slowly up and down, her juices flowing along my shaft as she climaxed for the first time. As she shuddered, Louisa increased the sucking, and she came all over my face as my tongue went deep inside her, bringing her to orgasm.

My fingers still working inside Samantha, I pulled her to me and clasped my mouth round her nipple, nipping it lightly before I sucked. She moaned, and pushed my hand hard into her cunt as she writhed and jerked into a climax.

Without a word being spoken, the girls changed position, and Jilly was astride my head, while Samantha closed her lips over my cock. My hand found its way to Louisa's pussy, and she screamed with pleasure as a thumb rubbed her clit while two fingers probed inside her.

Meanwhile, my tongue was arousing Jilly to yet another climax. God! she tasted every bit as good as she had looked. Beyond her, Samantha was working her own special magic on my prick, and we sucked and explored, licked, sucked and probed until we all came together in one glorious burst of pleasure.

Then it was Louisa's turn to feel me inside her. She changed places with Samantha to coax my prick into yet more action. I did not need much encouragement. Never before had I had three women all at once, and my throbbing member was not letting me down. As I swelled inside Louisa's pulsating canal, thrusting my hips in time to her movements, Jilly and Samantha were playing a game of their own.

Each had her head between the other's thighs, stimulating with tongues and hands, and bringing each other to more orgasms. As I felt my own pulses racing with the urgency of Louisa's rhythmic movements, I reached out and grabbed Samantha, pulling her to my head. My tongue dived into her cunt, sucking and probing, as my fingers felt for and found Jilly's clit. She moaned as its hardness felt my thumb, and my fingers slid inside her.

In and out, in and out. Tongue and fingers and cock all worked together. The girls once again latched on to each other's tits, and sounds of satisfied sucking accompanied the ecstatic moans. Louisa increased her rhythm, bringing my prick to a colossal size.

'I'm coming! I'm coming!' she yelled. 'All together!'

My hips arched deep into her as I thrust my cock high up her canal. My tongue pushed deeper into Samantha's cunt, and my fingers moved frantically inside Jilly, while Samantha sucked her nipple. In an explosion of juices, I shot my load deep into Louisa as Samantha's juices poured over my face and Jilly's cunt almost devoured my entire hand. We

lay exhausted but immensely satisfied in a heap on the bed.

We slept, all together in the big bed. During the night I was awakened a few times by the tender fondling of my cock by one or other of the girls. Once I woke to the sound of two of them arousing each other.

Slowly, so as not to disturb them, I slid out of bed and went to the bathroom. I could have done a lot worse, as a victim of kidnapping, I thought as I stepped into the steaming shower. What was it Louisa had said? I might as well be in the Sahara? Well, if so, I certainly appeared to have found my oasis. I was deep in thought as the water started to ease my aching muscles.

I did not notice the hand on my back until it snaked round my body to my chest, then began to slide downwards.

Oh well, I thought as I turned, let's hope it takes my company a long, long while to raise that money. ♣



FELICITY



Photographs by Rupert Daines

FELICITY















These pages are available for you to show off any object dear to your heart. We pay £25 for each entry published, irrespective of the number of photographs, on receipt of an invoice or claim. We cannot guarantee return of pictures.





Top left, sporting a natty new sun-tan is a lady from the midlands who would prefer to remain anonymous.

Our thanks to Pete from Herts for the two shots featured above. They show his delectable wife, who will be most pleased to see herself in Club.

Left and opposite page, a saucy selection of seductive snaps from fortunate Chris Barber, of a luscious limbed lovely whose very presence brings Chris out in an affectionate rash.



Talk about an itchy shutter finger! These two pages of shots were supplied by Gwyn Monkham from Gwent, and feature his dearest object of affection, wife Elisa. It looks like a pretty exhausting afternoon was had by one and all, but, as was said of another famous Elisa, we do believe they've got it.







Opposite page, top, the curvaceous S Beverley from Essex, showing off some of her favourite wardrobe contents.

The lady with the elasticated legs is Hana, from Bondi Beach in Australia. The pictures were taken by Richard, we see why Hana describes herself as 'an entertainer'.



Showing off sexy attire seems to be popular in these pages recently, and Marina from Paris is no exception. And with that sumptuous body, how well she does it.





continued from page 64

Hair Today...

Sir: Most men seem to get turned off by girls with body hair, but I can't get enough of it. This may have something to do with losing my virginity to an older woman who was something of an 'Amazon'. I was 18 and as randy as hell. She was 33 and as randy as hell! This was in the middle of winter, so I'd never seen her arms or legs bare, but when we undressed that first time I saw she had dark hair on her arms and legs and a real pelt between her legs. In fact, she'd been shaving her thighs, but it had started to grow back in, so when we finally got on the bed together, I felt the short hairs scraping against my legs.

Ever since then, I've been a sucker for big women with a strong body growth. I even like armpit hair, though this is becoming increasingly difficult to find. I don't mind a faint moustache either, but what really turns me on is hairy legs. I know a couple of athletic young women who have the required type of hair, and they are both considerate enough to quit shaving a few days before a date. The feel of stiff bristles on strong thighs is almost enough to make me pop my rocks. Am I really in such a minority, or do other men just keep quiet about it? A scientist friend once told me that women with excess male hormones are randier than others. In my experience, this is most certainly true!

All O. Cheshire.

Eating Out

Sir: I'm dating a fabulous girl who's a cook in a café. I pick her up every night and drive her straight home, where she gets nude except for her apron and cooks up some supper in her fully-equipped kitchen. While she's fixing the food, I might get down on hands and knees behind her and rim her big arse, or sometimes I even screw her from the rear. She loves her food and has a great wholesome body on her with plenty of flesh to grab hold of. But sex doesn't stop during supper. We frequently dream

up favours to do to each other while eating.

Recently she draped some fresh linguini over the business end of my erection, sucking each strand into her lips and giving me fabulous sensations as the pasta slithered round my knob. My girl often uses my first ejaculation as a kind of instant savoury sauce for whatever she's eating. It does my heart good to get whacked off over a dish of clams and to watch her feeding on my fluid.

We have to be careful about using luke-warm rather than hot food, but there have been no accidents yet. My own biggest thrills to date have been: scoffing spoonfuls of her special chilli from the cleavage of her arse (the different textures of sloppy ground beef and satin-like rump are fabulous together), and eating fudge cake from her deep tits, which she pushes together for me. Her big, warm, mothering body has the perfect range of tableware for me to feed off. Her navel can hold about a half cup of mayonnaise. Pass the celery, willya?

Kurt T. Aberdeen.

Bored Stiff

Sir: I'm a 47-year-old divorcee who lives alone and I don't have much sex these days. I enjoy



magazines like yours. I like to look at the pretty young girls and read about what they like doing in bed. I like to rub myself and think about how horny young men get reading this type of material. I was doing this one afternoon last week when my neighbour's son, age 18, called to borrow my lawn mower. His eyes lit up to see the pictures I'd been looking at. I asked him if they made him feel horny and he said yes. I got

of guys with baby-cocks and had been happy with them.

All this type of talk made me go soft. She sucked me hard again and then *she mounted me*, using her muscle control to take exactly as much as she wanted with each push. I never felt anything like it, she could grip just the acorn in her cunt lips and practically wank me off with them, or she could relax completely so my cock felt like it was covered in hot



him to sit down with his shorts round his ankles and I mouthed his penis while he read the magazine. It was years since I'd had a nice, stiff penis to play with and I made the most of it. Unfortunately, he was so on edge, with the magazine in his hands and his penis in my mouth, that he finished very quickly and gave me the loveliest thick drink of sperm. Afterwards he was confused and didn't want to stick around, but I somehow think he'll be back.

Ursula M. St Albans.

Dominant Dame

Sir: My idea of screwing is probably the same as anyone else's. I like to throw 'em on their back and stick my rod straight up and fuck them till I come. I have a fair-size rod on me, so it's unusual when they don't come too.

But after a party recently, I went home with a cute little redhead who really turned me around. She had a plump little cunt on her and I shoved straight in as usual, but I found I couldn't get but my end couple of inches inside. There was just this blockage inside her tube. I pulled out and rammed in again, but the same thing happened so I asked her what was wrong. She giggled and told me it was all muscular control. She said I probably thought I was hung, but she'd been screwed by guys who made me look like I had a pencil between my legs. She'd also had plenty

jelly from tip to balls, I didn't have to do a thing. Also, when it looked like I was going to come, she shoved right down and gripped my root with her cunt lips so hard it nearly snapped off. So she kept me hard for hours, having her own orgasms and only letting me have mine when she was good and ready. I always thought the only woman who could dominate me would have to be six feet and a judo expert, but here was this sweet little chick calling the shots all night long. Are there any more of you out there?

Ed G. Dundee.

Avast Behind!

Sir: I know you guys try your damnedest to bring us the sexiest picture spreads, but please, please could we have more rear view shots? I've photographed several of my girlfriends, so I do know something about it. The sexiest angle to shoot a girl from is when she's on hands and knees. Her arse is up in the air, you can see her arsehole and cunt at the same time (plus inner lips and/or clit if these are prominent), her tits are dangling (very important if they are on the small side), and she can still look back at the camera as she displays all her attractions. I'm not trying to tell you how to produce your mag, but believe me, this is the best angle for most women.

Dwight F. London SW4.

SECRET WIVES

Cone King

Sir: My boyfriend went home to see his family last weekend, while I had to remain in our flat to complete a work project I'm engaged on. After working all Saturday, I relaxed with the late movie and called the local café, who sent a waiter with some ice cream. It was a hot night and I was wearing a nearly transparent white gown my boyfriend likes me to have on when we fuck together.

Putting it on when he's not there only makes me frustrated, and when the delivery boy came in I got this crazy idea I'd like to fuck him. He was about 18, dark and muscular, and his eyes lit up when he saw I was waiting for him in the thin gown. I paid him for the ice cream and asked him if he'd like a tip. He knew what I meant alright.

I sat back on the couch with my gown up round my shoulders and told him to put some ice cream in my cunt. He scooped some peppermint out of the tub and smeared it over my cunt. The cold sensation was blissful, and when he bent down and lapped it up I grabbed his ears and came against his tongue. I slipped his cluster out. He had a surprisingly thin cock for his build. I ate some chocolate-chip off the hot tip of it. The melted ice cream dribbled down his balls, so I sucked it up, feeling dirty and thinking I'd let him do anything he wanted. I asked him where he'd like to come, and after some bashfulness he said he wanted to do it in my mouth. First, I made him put some of the peppermint round my lips, which soon opened up when he used his tongue on them. Next came his cock. I sucked in my cheeks and rubbed my clit and we both came together in a phenomenal rush of ecstasy.

May R. Dundee.

Extra Curricular Activities

Sir: As a senior teacher at a boy's school, I always look forward avidly to the school holidays, especially the longer summer break. With all the marking and associated work to do during term-time, I rarely have the opportunity to indulge in my favourite hobby, which is

putting on red-hot *Electric Blue* video showings in my house and inviting a few close friends around for a bit of fun!

Recently I did this, and a most satisfying evening resulted. Having ordered an *Electric Blue Number 12*, I invited four mates around, Louis P and John S, both with their remarkably sexy and attractive wives. Occasionally we have six people around, but the last couple were on holiday in Portugal. My delectable wife Carol was dressing in our bedroom when the doorbell rang once, and five minutes later as our guests arrived.

As I slotted in the tape, my wife entered the room in a terrific revealing bodice and suspenders designed to provide a quick turn-on for the guests – and did it! Her dark crotch was clearly visible under the lace panties and we all quickly undressed as the tape began to run. Louis' wife moved over to Carol and gave her rather more than a sisterly kiss

as I masturbated on the floor, watching the arousing antics of the sexy girl on the TV. In no time at all, we were all in a high state of sexual arousal and as Margaret (John's wife), spread her legs in front of me, exposing her wet pussy, I lost no time sliding my hard prick up her lips and thrusting strongly, sucking her firm nipples, while keeping an eye on the video and on Louis screwing Carol.

After a few minutes I shot my load into Margaret and as my prick jerked again and again, she moaned softly, her tits wet with sweat and her cunt dripping juice. John was on the floor next to me, climaxing a satisfying 69er with Stephanie, Louis' wife. His massive cock was being deep-throated by Steph as he tongued her pussy and clit. I could see his sac filling and suddenly he spurted cum into Steph's mouth, his cock shuddering with the force of his orgasm. When he regained his composure afterwards he gave Steph a rollicking fingerfuck and I watched her shout out in pleasure several times as she came with a pussy-ripping orgasm.

Meanwhile Louis and Carol had cleaned up, and he was just licking her breasts as Marg and I re-dressed. Five minutes later John and Steph has recon-

vered and I switched off the video, which had done its job admirably! The evening came to an end and arrangements were made for the next time over an odd drink or two. We all agree that wife-swapping adds spice to the sex-life and is great fun besides. You bet I could teach the young a thing or two apart from geography!

M Hughes, Derbyshire.

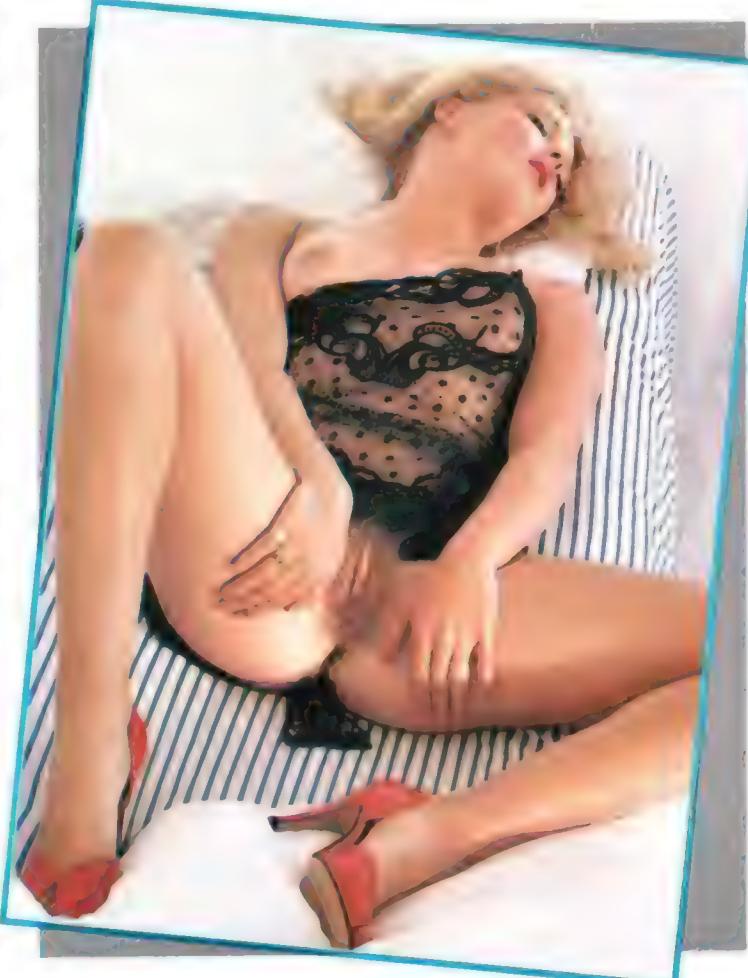


Absent Friends

Sir: I'm one of those old-fashioned fools that think fidelity is important before marriage as well as after. At least, that's what I tell my adorable fiancee. We're both in our first year at college which are several hundred miles apart, so we only meet up at weekends. During the week, we just have to tell our rosaries.

When we were first going steady, last year, we drew up a contract agreeing that during the week we wouldn't 'go all the way' with another partner, though we were free to neck and pet – which I certainly did with several girls who didn't mind this restriction. I got some terrific hand-jobs this way, not to mention cleavage-jobs.

Now we're engaged, however, the rules have been tightened up: no French-kissing with another partner and no sexual contact. Luckily for me, I know a funloving girl with pretty tits who gets off frigging while I whack myself off. Most weekday nights, we get naked on the floor, kiss without using our tongues, and then stroke ourselves while talking dirty. I would never have believed it was possible to have such shattering orgasms doing this. The only contact between us is when my cum shoots out over her crotch and stomach.



continued on page 92



Photographs by Rupert Daines



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Mario Bertulli

continued from page 84

Why don't I cheat? Because I'm an old-fashioned guy, I guess. Besides, my fiancee has a sixth sense. I swear it. I wonder if I'll ever find out that she has a similar relationship going? For all I know, she might be writing to *Playgirl* right now about some weird scene she has with another guy

G T. Baker St. London

Travelling Heavy

Sir: Yes, you can get laid on a moving bus! I recently took a trip through the continent, in order to write a travel piece for a local magazine. In France the vacant seat beside me was taken by a slim girl with long dark hair who was going to see her folks in Marseille. It was night when she embarked, and under the cover of darkness we were soon kissing and fondling each other. I didn't think it would go much further than this, but by way of experiment I unzipped my flies and invited her to get acquainted with my pork sword. To my surprise she immediately got her head down over my lap and sucked me into her throat

Almost all the other passengers were dozing by now, and besides, my new friend and I were near the back of the bus, so she managed to blow me without anyone being aware of the fact. I hadn't come for nearly a week, so it only took a few minutes of her wet tongue and cheek-suctioning before I started coming off. I could feel I was blowing off a heavy load, and this was confirmed by the girl's surprised murmurs as she kept on gulping

I gave her a drink of lemonade when it was over. I felt marvellously relaxed but also still excited by the situation I was in - barrelling through the night on a coach, side by side with a sexy girl who had my sperm trickling down to her stomach. I decided to even things out by screwing her. She was breathless from the blow-job, but I pulled her knee over my lap and got her damp panties down far enough to allow my cock entry to her slit

I already knew she was wet,

but I just wasn't prepared for the flood of lubricant that streamed into my pubic hair. Her snatch was hot and clinging, and once she had my cock in all the way, she settled in my lap and rubbed her clit while I jiggled my crotch up and down. I had never seen a girl masturbating before. She came like a steam engine, shaking all over and biting my coat lapel to stifle the sound of the orgasm. Then she put her tongue in my ear and ordered me to come inside



her. Her internal muscles began to move - again, something I had never experienced before - and her snatch masturbated me to orgasm

When I woke in the morning I expected it to have been a dream, but no - she was right there. We were both aching for each other, but the only chance came when she sat in my lap, supposedly to watch a river going past the windows, but really impaling herself once more on my dick. We hugged and kissed openly in that position on the knife-edge of orgasm. When they came, our climaxes were shattering. She had to get off the bus, but I had to continue the trip for the magazine. I know they'll never publish this true story, so perhaps you would?

Bennet G. Norfolk

Coming Later

Sir: Step aside, fellow Club International readers, I'm claiming the East Coast Delay Trophy for 1983. Four hours and eleven minutes without coming and without removing my prick

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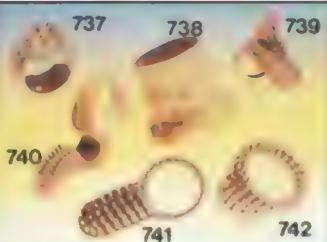
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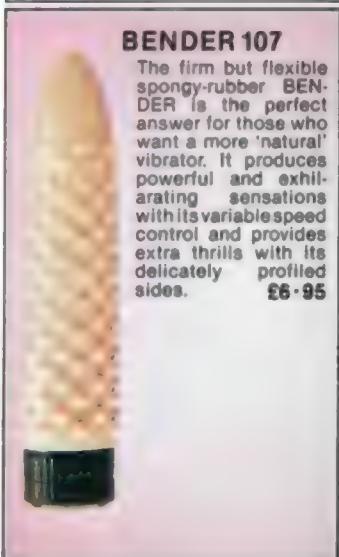
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from my old lady's cooze. The only reason we finished when we did was I knew I just had to visit the bathroom. I'd like to be able to say that it's all on video, but the tape ran out after the first three hours. Any time there's a live, for-real, witnessed delay contest being mooted, just let me know and we'll be there.

Jay U, Edinburgh.

Eating In

Sir: My superior at work is a pain in the arse, but the world being what it is, I have to socialise with him. This often means spending the evening praising his wife's cooking and his taste in French wines. It happens that his wife is a good cook. She's also quite a looker, with long, natural blonde hair and a great figure. Maybe this is what I really resent about the

guy. Anyway, last time I had dinner with them, I was seated next to her while Mort and another pain in the arse impressed the hell out of each other on the subject of Burgundy vintages.

All of a sudden I felt my hand being pulled sideways and under my hostess's bum. She raised her cheeks slightly on the pretext of reaching for a cigarette, and I slipped my hand inside her damp panties. Not daring to look at her, I screwed a couple of fingers up into her snatch and started rubbing her little wet clit. The long and short of it was, I frigged her for maybe twenty minutes, all the while pretending to pay attention to what her husband was saying.

I'm looking forward to my next invitation.

Garth C, Liverpool. ♦

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PLEASURABLE, rejuvenating massage, for mature gentlemen only, by lovely young woman, in comfortable surroundings, near Central London. Discretion assured. Tel: 01-586 1563.

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GENTLEMEN prefer blondes. Young, sensual massage. Tel: 01-581 1628.

11—MODELS ART PHOTO

SEXY blonde, with firm, 37-25-36, body, loves posing for adult photos. Also poses to order. Send £1.00 + S.A.E. for sample photos and details. Notts/S. Yorks/E. Midlands. Box 110082.

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13—SERVICES

CONFIDENTIAL, b/w printing service. S.A.E. for price list. Box 130072.

56—PERSONAL

MALE; 50, seeks lonely housewives for sexy fun, your place. Sussex/Surrey. Box 561165.

WANTED: bedroom for weekends in return for anything (legal) you desire. Dorset. Box 561169.

BUSINESSMAN, 40, own flat, would like to meet lady for sexy fun. Travel paid. Lancaster. Box 561170.

GENEROUS, Sussex farmer, 41, watches female couples. Accommodation free. Box 561171.

RANDY, single guy, wants randy girls to correspond. Box 561172.

MALE, 19, seeks sexy females, 18-45. Camb's/Herts, and surrounding area. Box 561173.

DISCREET male, 44 will visit ladies, 40-65, mutual pleasure. No fees. N. Ireland/Eire. Box 561177.

RAMPANT male, 34, goodlooking, great body, passionately desires seductive girl. Manchester/anywhere. Box 561183.

SCOTLAND/N. ENGLAND: Male, 20, seeks sexy females/couples for fun. Photography, anything. Photo/phone appreciated. Box 561184.

HANDSOME, man 30, seeks busty lady for sexy fun. Mid-Cheshire. Box 560745.

BELFAST: N.I. business man, 33, has a lot to offer, seeks lady for fun and loving relationship. Photo/phone appreciated. Discretion assured. Box 561151.

ATTRACTIVE, London SW7, male, 26, seeks gorgeous woman to add spice to life. Box 561187.

THREE, lusty builders require bored housewives with flue problems. Photo a must. East Midlands. Box 561188.

MALE, 19, seeks exciting, fun lovers. Experience unimportant. Will travel. Photo/phone. Box 561160.

BISEXUAL female, 23, very attractive, seeks attractive ladies, any age. Liverpool. Box 561191.

AMATEUR photographer seeks young ladies, 16-24, for photo sessions. no fees. South Staffs. Box 561192.

GLASGOW: Male, 49, wishes to meet females/males interested bond/S.M. etc. Box 561193.

CAMBS: Bl male wants slim young man (over 21). Confidential pleasures. Box 561185.

LADIES! Do you fancy a quick fling with a tall, impoverished, professional, married, randy mid-thirties, man? Please send full details and interests together with photo. East Midlands/East Anglia. Box 561186.

MALE, 45, seeks sexy female, for fun and friendship. Box 561189.

MALE, 42, seeks uninhibited ladies. 'O' lover. Discretion assured. Can accommodate or travel. Box 561190.

GENEROUS, Sussex farmer, 41, watches female couples. Accommodation free. Box 561171.

RANDY, single guy, wants randy girls to correspond. Box 561172.

MALE, 19, seeks sexy females, 18-45. Camb's/Herts, and surrounding areas. Box 561173.

HOUSEWIFE, 39 yrs., 40-28-36, seeks single male for threesome/photo/phone. Box 561174.

ATTRACTIVE couple, 31/31, into exhibitionism/voyeurism, seek similar, photos with reply, please. South/anywhere. Box 561175.

MALE, 26, seeks women, 25-45, for tuition, single or housewife, any nationality. Can accommodate. Photo, if possible. Southampton area. Box 561176.

DISCREET male, 44, will visit ladies, 40-65, mutual pleasure. No fees. N. Ireland/Eire. Box 561177.

GENTLEMAN, 45, seeks ladies/couples for sexy fun. My place only. Lancaster. Box 561178.

ATTRACTIVE, blonde couple, 32/35, sensuous, seek similar couple for intimate, erotic evening, absolute discretion. Write with photo for quick reply. Hampshire. Box 561178.

ATTRACTIVE couple 20's, seek similar for photo swaps. Box 561180.

GENUINE first ad. Attractive male, 30, w.e. vasectomised, into D.I.Y., voyeur, exb., would like to meet married couple or two ladies, 20-45, for lasting friendship. Absolute discretion assured. Draped/undraped photo/phone no-please, returned with mine. A.L.A. wouldn't mind trying ac/dc. Grimsby/Lincoln/Humberside area. Can travel. Box 561181.

COUUPLE, clean, M30/F28, seek clean, bi-female, any age. No fees. Will accommodate. Discretion assured. photo/phone, please. Lancs. Box 561182.

RAMPANT male, 34, goodlooking, great body, passionately desires seductive girl. Manchester/anywhere. Box 561183.

BIRMINGHAM: inexperienced, caring male, 36, own home, seeks young lady for mutual enjoyment. Box 561161.

ATTRACTIVE, sex mad male, 19, seeks couples and bi-females for fun. Also interested in voyeurism. London area. Straight females also welcome. Box 561162.

WANTED: sexy/tarty looking female to show herself off on pillion of big Japanese motorbike; occasional rides with young, Welsh lad. Age doesn't matter. Box 561163.

TALL male, 29, wishes to meet sexy, 40 plus, woman. Box 561164.

MALE: 50, seeks lonely housewives for sexy fun. Your place. Sussex/Surrey. Box 561165.

GLASGOW: male, (29), seeks attractive female/couples for sexy fun. Your place. No fees. Box 561166.

ATTRACTION couple, educated, seek males to please blonde, highly sexed wife. Like to entertain weekends only. Box 561167.

MALE, 25, seeks female for discrete relationship. Own house. London/Surrey. Box 561168.

WANTED: bedroom for weekends in return for anything (legal) you desire. Dorset. Box 561169.

BUSINESSMAN, 40, own flat, would like to meet lady for sexy fun. Travel paid. Lancaster. Box 561170.

GLASGOW: bisexual male, 22, seeks couples, all tastes welcome. Box 561155.

HOUSEWIVES: be massaged in the comfort of your own home by attractive, w/e male, 30 yrs. No fees. Discretion assured. Photos please. East Anglia Box 561157.

MALE, single, wants sexy, female pen pals. Box 561158.

ATTRACTIVE, couple, 32/33, seeks singles/couples for sexy fun. photo appreciated. Box 561159.

ATTRACTIVE male, w/e, looking for two attractive females for sexy fun, or couples. Photos please. East Anglia. Box 561156.

SOMERSET: Fun loving housewife wants playmates for watersports and other games. S.A.E. Box 561136.

DORSET: Farmer, young, huge endowment, AC/DC/TV interests seeks couples for exciting, sexy fun. Photos appreciated. Box 561138.

N. IRELAND: young, Craigavon man seeks mature lady for sexy fun, in exchange for mutual benefits. Box 561140.

MATURE male seeks females, 16-70, to correspond with. Everything goes. Photos/phone no. Fullest discretion assured. Any area. Box 561141.

HORNY bachelor seeks unattached, sexy girlfriend. Merseyside/Lancs. Box 561153.

MALE seeks film work in Brazil or Africa. Box 561154.

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★ ESCORTS

★ FILMS/VIDEO

★ MARITAL AIDS

★ MASSAGE

★ MODELS Art-Photo)

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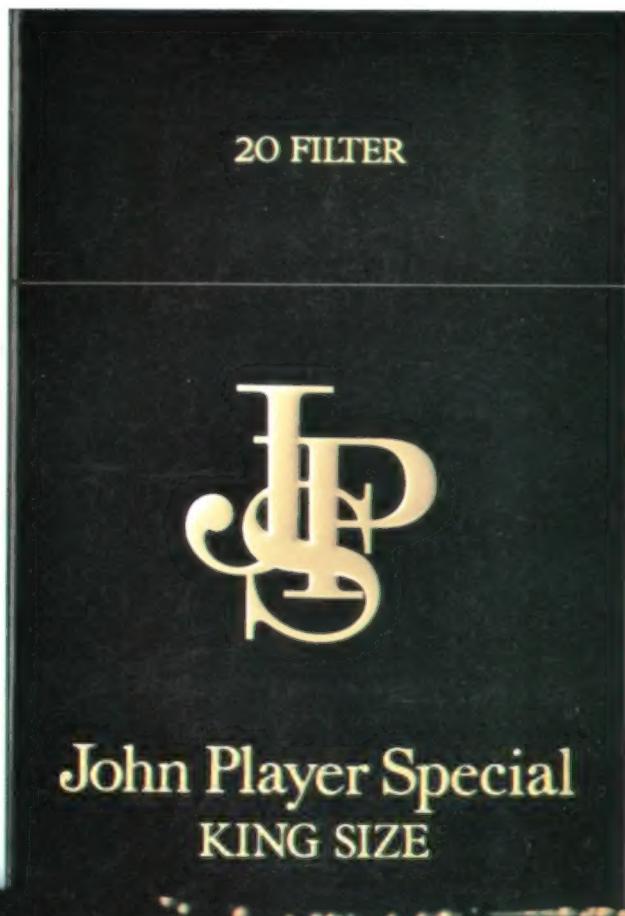
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